

The Meredith Weekly News.

Devoted to the Interests of Meredith and Vicinity, and the Welfare of the Community in General.

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THE MEREDITH WEEKLY NEWS.

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GEO. F. SANBORN, Publisher and Proprietor,
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BUSINESS CARDS.

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PAINTERS,

FEMALE SMUGGLERS.

A New York paper says: She walked off the steamer Germanic on to the dock with dignity and an evident consciousness that she knew what she was about. She wore a silk mantle, whose bottom was tucked in. This having been pulled down a large quantity of valuable black lace a foot deep was found to be tacked on the garments with stitches eight inches long. The woman boldly claimed that the lace was for her personal use, and that she had a right to sew it and wear it in any manner she pleased. "There being no means of disproving her statement she was released." (Now hear the twitter of satisfaction among the ladies, that for once those odious custom-house ruffians have been outwitted. But see what followed.)

A moment later two women quit the steamer, whose apparel so attracted the captain's attention, and he gave them in charge of the inspectress. One wore a new silk dress that did not fit her around the waist by four inches, and the other, under her ulster, had on a magnificent silk cloak trimmed all over with beads, and reaching to the ground. They abused Captain Adams in the most voluble manner, and threatened him with all sorts of disasters for putting them upon them.

AGRICULTURAL.

BREEDING FARM HORSES.

We have encouraged the use of the large imported horses of the better class, because we have thought that one of the greatest defects in our farm horses was want of size; and this, it seems to us, could be better supplied by an infusion of the blood of the draft horse than from any other source. But we are certain that in many localities quite as large an infusion of this blood has been made as will be profitable; and that, for the uses of the farmer, better horses can be produced from these grade draft mares by the use of a stout, large, compact built thoroughbred horse, or a highly bred well formed and good sized trotting stallion than by a further infusion of the blood of the draft horse. Returning again to the Percheon blood, we have no hesitation in affirming our belief in its excellence: and it is to this blood, which at a very early day was largely introduced into Canada that the horses of that section owe much of the excellence that distinguished them fifty years ago.

Very many of the very best sires of general purpose or farm horses that we have ever had in the United States have been brought from Canada, and evidently partly of this blood. From

MELONS.

Melons, squash, &c. are all tender and should be planted until May 15. These vines are often made to grow upon the same land as early spinach, onions, peas and beans. The early crops can be cleaned up by July 10 or 15, before the vines run much. Of melons the best are the small Japanese and the Cassaba, both very sweet and high flavored. The Nutmeg is more productive and a favorite market sort.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

The coat on the tongue should be cut swallow tale.

Some ladies are so fond of dress that they have their meals served on fashion plates.

What are the aims which are at the same time duties? They are the perfecting of ourselves, the happiness of others.

We have seen spring bonnets with sixteen full-blown poppies on them. The young ladies' poppies have to pay dearly for them.

EVENTIDE.

Ah! now I can forget the day,
And feed awhile my happy eyes
On opal melting into gray
Where the last sunlight fading lies.
How sped the hours: I murmur not,
Tempest and cloud must e'er abide;
But this is straightway all forgot
If there be light at eventide.
O, sunset page of red and gold!
From morn till noon, from noon, I wait
To trace in thee, full clearly told,
A message bright illuminate
Loaming, shapes of earth
And sink and fall.
I shall in every sense receive
What the faint, earthly earnest meant,
Shown in the west from eve to eve.
—Julia P. Boynton.

The Officer's Ruse.

I had been sent on special business to Berlin, there to unearth a scoundrel who, after drawing, by a specious prospectus of a bogus mine, from a too credulous public the savings of a life-time, had absconded with his plunder.

In the Pyrenees I could not resist making a detour to visit a point which promised a fine view. There was no need of a guide, as the road was a well-travelled one; so with a knapsack on my back, containing, amongst other dis-

"It's in the cold torrent now, but the stream won't hide it, nor did the thunder, nor the crash it made drown the cry that rung above the noise—down yonder in the valley—I heard it. Ay, ay, I heard it sure enough."

In vain I questioned the old woman; I could get nothing out of her except the vaguest answers, and yet she seemed to possess an amount of unlooked-for cunning in the skill with which she parried my leading questions, and in the blank ignorance she assumed, which contrasted strangely with her former mutterings.

As the day wore on, and I neared the village where I was to pass the night, she became quite communicative, and pointed out a desolate-looking cabin as being her home.

"Is your husband a guide?" I asked.

"Oh, he's dead and gone this many a year."

"Any children?"

"Si, senor," she replied, stopping short and putting her hand to her head, as if to remember, "si, my boy is as fine a lad as you'll find in the country. Next week is his nuptials, and he'll marry the prettiest girl in St. Jean. The woodcutter can't prevent that, though I did see him stamp his foot and utter a curse, when he saw them together. A bad lot—a bad lot."

And the old creature muttered and laughed and shook her head gleefully, and finally began to croon a kind of rhythmic song in a cracked voice, so elated did she seem with the prospect of her son's marriage. In parting from her, I gave her a trifle for the bridal pair, and she kissed my hand so warmly that I felt I had made a friend, and entered the small inn of the village with a light heart, almost forgetting my fatigue and the homely accommodations awaiting me, in the joy I had caused. I sat down to supper with three other guests, one a monk, who related to us a dreadful crime which had happened at the inn a short time since.

searched and hunted through and through. No one had seen him leave the village, his habits were strictly regular, and he was not known to have an enemy; nor had the girl any other lover.

His mother, whose only child he was, hunted night and day, looking through all the woods, going to all the places around, and asking everyone she saw for her boy, and finally, brooding over her trouble went distracted. All that remained was a mysterious disappearance, a girl's hopes blighted, and a mother driven to despair.

I listened to these particulars and resolved to have an interview with the woodcutter mentioned.

Knowing the power which the priesthood had over the natives, I bethought me of my priest's disguise, and, having donned it, proceeded leisurely towards the woodcutter's hut. On reaching it I said:

"My son, I have to walk over to Urdas, and I shall be glad of your company. The road is lonely and gloomy despite the stations of the cross that are painted at intervals, and there are wild, savage people in the country-side who do not regard even the anointed of God. I fear naught for myself, but what would become of my poor flock were I to be taken from them? You, my son, are strong and sturdy, and I may depend upon you."

There was an uncomfortable look on his face as he listened, while closely scrutinizing me out of the corners of his eye. He was flattered at my confidence, but still unwilling to accompany me, and made several excuses, all of which I overruled, and finally got him started by my side.

As we neared a large fir-tree, I pointed to a crucifix painted upon the trunk, reminding my unwilling companion that we were still under the eye of our Maker.

"Who would dare with that eye upon him commit a crime even in this solitude?" I asked. "Thinking himself safe, could he es-

ing it with such a nicety that the least touch would send it thundering down into the torrent below. From that day forward he watched from his secret nook, slipping back behind an overhanging tree whenever he heard footsteps.

It sometimes occurred to him, when strangers came past, that, had one of them stood on the rock he had loosened, his revenge would be balked, and he would have committed murder for nothing. But so deadly was his hatred, that he would have sacrificed the whole community rather than let his rival go free.

Time after time he saw him pass, but always with others, and the murderer sunk out of the way, still cherishing his deadly purpose. Once the betrothed lovers came slowly up, arm in arm, and the reader can guess the feelings of the lurking wretch.

At last the fatal day came, and his victim came bounding along with a light-hearted song on his lips.

As he turned the corner the murderer rushed against him, and with a push caused the poor unsuspecting young fellow to reel and spring lightly on the rock in order to recover his balance.

This is what the villain had counted upon. The rock yielded to the pressure, and went crashing with its human freight.

I checked the scoundrel in his recital. Here I stood on the very spot, and the contemplation of the fearful descent, together with the tale of horror and hate almost unnerved me for a second time.

"Did the man scream as he fell?" I asked.

"Once," was the reply; "but that was fearful in its wild anguish, and has rung in my ears ever since;" and the murderer grovelled at my feet, crying, "Mercy!"

"There, there!" he gasped, pointing to a huge mass of rock in the bed of the stream, against which the water rushed and dashed with all their violence, as though they would heave it to some place and show it

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE HORSE COMPLAINS.

"My master, my master! why does he stay
So long at the tavern across the way?
I've waited and watched an hour and more,
And there he stands at the tavern-door.

"I've stamped my foot, and champed my bit;
And this musty post, I've gnawed at it;
I've pawed the ground, I've shaken my mane,
And neighed and snorted again and again.

"I'm tired and dusty, and hungry too;
I want my dinner! I'm getting blue!
It's ten long miles we have yet to go,
And that my master must surely know.

"Tis time for us to be on our way;
I want my oats and clover-hay;
I want a roll on the smooth barn floor.
Ah! here comes master; I'll say no more!"
—Helen M. Whitney.

THE CROSS MAN.

Mean and wicked people, who love to torment the innocent, not unfrequently pay themselves a severer interest than they do their victims. There is an excellent lesson for such men in the following related to us by a friend, of the contemptible conduct which a good old minister named Jones was made to suffer, many years ago. He was a poor man, and, besides preaching, followed the trade of a rake-maker for his support.

Father Jones had a neighbor, a godless man, who tried every method in his power to annoy him. His name was "Cross," and the name indicated his real disposition.

Mr. Cross left no opportunity neglected to annoy Father Jones. He would let down the pasture bars, so that the cattle might destroy his crops, throw stones into the meadows, to make him dull his scythe, and a great many things to injure and vex him.

One spring, when Father Jones had got a great load of rakes ready to carry to Boston, Mr. Cross determined to put a hindrance in the way. In order to reach the north turnpike Father Jones must

PRACTICAL ELECTRICITY.

A fire engine company of Cincinnati, has an engine house which is certainly fitted up with every modern improvement. The last feature introduced is worthy of description. In the sleeping room, the beds, instead of being ranged against the wall, are placed in the same relation to each other as the spokes of a wheel. Running through the center of each collection of coverlets and attached to the under one is a brass fastening, and from this leads a stout white cord that, with the others joining in a common center, form a rope that passes up through the ceiling, where the other end riding over a grooved wheel is made fast to an eighty-pound weight.

At the initial movement of the "little joker" that begins its round while the alarm is being sent in from the box to the tower, a catch releases the weight and the same instant the bed-clothing is dangling in a united bunch half way up to the ceiling. The time used, therefore, by the men in disengaging themselves from the coverlets is saved, and the amount, while small in itself, when added to the other second-saving devices, becomes an important factor.

The service rendered by the "little joker" seems almost incredible. Operated by electricity, it performs the following wonderful feats, all of which are done simultaneously: Registering the number of the box from which the alarm is coming, and before it is sounded on the bells it swings a bracket under the engine boiler, and, turning on the gas, sends a half-inch in diameter jet a foot high through the well-seasoned kindling. The stable doors are thrown open, and at the same time a revolving wooden bar at the rear of each stall, and to which is affixed rawhides, turns rapidly, giving the horses an incentive to vacate as quickly as possible. Meanwhile the trap-doors, thrown back by the same means, make clear the descent on slippery poles to the firemen, from whom the coverlets have been snatched.

CLOUGH'S ADJUSTABLE



Sieve!

For Cleaning Grain of all Fowl Seeds, thereby getting the more healthy kernels for sowing; also for cleaning and sorting Beans, Peas, etc.

A. S. CLOUGH, Manufacturer.

Meredith Village, N. H., April 21, 1881.

I observed, while threshing grain last fall, that where men had used Clough's Adjustable Sieve to screen their seed, the crop was nearly one-third larger than where it had not been so screened; the kernels were larger, the straw was heavier, and the crop was better every way.

GEORGE A. TATE.

NURSING MOTHERS

AND THEIR

INFANTS

WEAR THE

Boston Battery!

There is no other battery in existence that will quiet the infant when it is teething. It soothes the nerves, and both mother and child enjoy sweet repose.

The mother does not have to resort to soothing syrups in order to procure rest and sleep for herself or child.

The Boston Battery is a hollow battery, and contain hat which is of more value than soothing syrups or narcotics.

If you are troubled with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Diseases, Sleepless Nights, Hysteria, Epilepsy, Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Heart, Liver, Lung or Kidney Diseases, wear the Boston Battery, and take no other. If your druggists do not have it, send by letter, and we warrant its safe arrival. Sent by mail everywhere on receipt of price, 50 cents. Sold by all Druggists. The trade supplied by the

Boston Galvanic Battery Co.,

No. 15 Pemberton Sq. Room No. 10,

BOSTON, MASS.

DR. DINSMORE

MORRIS & IRELAND'S SAFES.

JUST OUT!

MORRIS & IRELAND'S New Improved Eight-Flange FIRE-PROOF SAFE.

THE ONLY EIGHT-FLANGE SAFE MADE
IN THE WORLD,

And Containing Our

PATENT INSIDE BOLT WORK,
PATENT HINGED CAP,
FOUR-WHEELED LOCKS,
INSIDE IRON LININGS,
AND SOLID IRON CORNERS.

Latest from Maine.

Lock's Mills, Oxford Co., Me.
Messrs. Morris & Ireland:

Gents:—On the 22d of November, 1879, our spool mill at this place, 50x60, two stories high, was totally consumed by fire, in which there was a large quantity of spool lumber, spools and blocks, all seasoned. The fire burned for 3 1-2 days. We had one of your safes in our mill and Tuesday morning following, eighty-four hours after the fire, it was too hot to handle, being covered with burning blocks. Some time after it was opened and the contents were in a good state of preservation, NOT A BOOK OR PAPER BEING DESTROYED. I am satisfied with your safes and have purchased another, and can cheerfully recommend them to any one wishing to secure their valuables from being destroyed by fire.

Yours truly, I. G. TEBITS.

Tremendous Test.

ROASTING THIRTY HOURS IN A BED OF RED-HOT COALS.

Corning, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1881.

Morris & Ireland, Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:—On the night of the fire in our village, on 26th ult., I had in use one of your No. 5 Safes. I am pleased to inform you, after the floor gave way it fell into the cellar, into a heap of burning coal, where it roasted for 30 hours. Our citizens and myself gave up the hope of anything being saved in it. On being taken from the fire, I was

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OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, May 7, 1881.

The musical season is about approaching a close, already many parties are making engagements for another season, and also making preparations for a rest in the country. Opera buffe is the leading thing just now. Between the regular opera season and the Summer Garden season, people flock to see comic opera, it is a sort of Spring tonic. The opera of "Mascotte" by Edmond Andran the author of "Olivette" is making a stir among music lovers. It is better in style and finish than the gay "Olivette."

A young peasant girl has been given power by some fairy to bring blessings to every one she meets. Should she marry, this power exists no longer. "She loves and is loved." Her lover like herself is a peasant. Plans are laid to separate them and unite her to another. Then troubles begin. Finally love gets into smooth channels again, the lovers marry and live happily forever after." The work is superior in every way to "Olivette" or any of this author's previous efforts. "Olivette" is bright and attractive; a lady friend of ours laughed until the tears trickled down her cheeks at the whale song. "In the North Sea lived a Whale." Indeed it is an extremely amusing, although ridiculous song, and if tendered by a good chorus, is a strong feature in the opera. "The Mascotte" is now being given by two companies, one a New York company, and the other, at Niblo's Garden, is a Boston company with Mrs. H. E. H. Carter in the title role. This

In the Summer season some allow their cattle to lie out in the pastures all night, but the more approved way is to house them.

An Elder said he would not give so much for a farm with orchards, as he would for one with only a few trees, as he don't like to cut down trees.

Allow me to tell a bit of pleasant experience: John and I worked for a farmer once. John is a fellow mason. The farmer wasn't rich, but he was able to furnish a large maple block to set the wash dish on, castile soap, a pailful of warm water, for us to wash with, and a dry towel for us to wipe on, and a broom, scraper, and mat for our boots, and did furnish them. Many times since, when we have been where they did not have very good accommodations for washing, John speaks of it and says: "that was a pretty good place to wash, at G—'s. Gosh! I think of that a good many times." Two winters after, John took a large job of cutting cord wood. He hired a few men, built him a log shanty and stayed right in the woods where his work was. I went in one day to engage John to go, in the Spring, on to an early job. He asked me into his shanty; in one corner upon a rough bench were two wash dishes, a lump of castile soap and over it hung a heavy clean dry towel. When I noticed these John saw me. Neither of us said a word but we exchanged smiles, as much as to say, you and I know a few things.

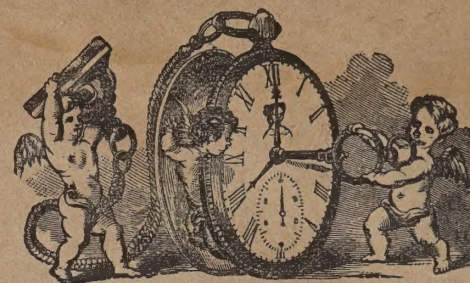
CENTRE HARBOR.

The sail and row boats are quite numerous on the Lake.

The NEWS is much appreciated by its numerous patrons in this vicinity.

The village and its surroundings is beginning to put on its usual attractive

P. A. ELLSWORTH,



WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Solid Silver and Plated Goods
Spectacles, Etc., Etc.

FINE WATCH REPAIRING AND ENGRAVING A SPECIALTY.

Having purchased the entire stock of goods of J. R. Quimby, I am prepared to do all work in the above line in a neat and workmanlike manner. Goods at the lowest prices and warranted as represented in every particular. Call and see me.

J. S. WADLEIGH,
MERCHANT



AND DEALER IN

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

We have just received a large stock of Woolen Suitings, direct from the manufacturers, which we shall sell at a very low figure.

Particular attention given to cutting and making Ladies' Cloaks and Ulsters.

Call and see me.

Wiggin's Block,

Meredith, N. H.

MARKET.

Beef, Pork, Mutton, Poultry, Corned Beef, Salt,

Dress Goods and Trimmings.

I would announce to the Ladies of Meredith and vicinity, that I am prepared to show samples of the latest styles of Dress Goods and Trimmings in connection with my Dress-making Department, at satisfactory prices. Call and see me before purchasing elsewhere.

Respectfully,
Emma L. Woodman.

CALL AT

T. S. MOSES'

—FOR THE—

OIL STOVES

With heavy Flint Glass Oil Tanks, warranted to work well and not to leak, as most tanks are liable to.

T. S. MOSES.

BICKFORD & ROBERTS,

Dealers in

DRY GOODS

AND

NEW